The Mystery of the Key to Heaven

By Marilynn Hughes

This book belongs to:

_____

Given to me by:

_____

Copyright © 2006, Marilynn Hughes

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this work or portions thereof in any form whatsoever without permission in writing from the publisher and author, except for brief passages in connection with a review.

All credits for quotations are included in the Bibliography.

For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

https://outofbodytravel.org

If this book is unavailable from your local bookseller, it may be obtained directly from the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation by going to www.outofbodytravel.org.

Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilynn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

Dedication:

To the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages from every Religion and Throughout time . . . That They Might Have Voice!

CONTENTS

Chapter One - 4
Chapter Two - 14
Chapter Three - 26
Chapter Four - 48
Chapter Five - 56
Bibliography - 64

Chapter One

Having just gotten home from school, I yawned after a tiring day and dragged myself to my room striving to not fall asleep lest I rambled into the satin and hard wall. When I approached my room, the light was on and I quickly switched it off and plopped myself into bed. Shutting my eyes, I fell into a deep sleep wonderland.

Dozing peacefully, I suddenly became aware of a rattling from outside . . . or was it inside of me? Bolting awake, I was concerned that there might be an intruder in the house or something else dangerous.

Looking up, I saw the image of my mother. She had died from this world just one month before, so I was mesmerized to see her in her glorified body which shone with white, blue and gold.

"Come," My mother whispered in a quiet voice so as not to awaken my sister who slept beside me. "I have some things to show you." She said. "But mom, it's midnight!" I explained, pleading for her to understand. "I understand that you are very tired," my mother replied, "but I have been instructed that it is now time for you to take this journey." Sighing, I began to follow her just now taking in how awesome it was that my mother had been given permission by God to visit me in this way after her passing. I wondered what 'journey' I might have to take.

When my mother was alive, everything she did had meaning. That was how she had come to great knowledge. And I had observed from watching her that if you were willing to listen, you could learn a great deal.

We passed through the pitch-black hallway quietly. No one else knew about this journey and even I had no idea how much it would change my life forever.

I was curious about what would happen during my journey. My mind was spinning uncontrollably trying hard to figure out what it could all mean, when suddenly . . . I was blinded by an amazing light. It shone from my mother's closet. When she was alive, she had called it affectionately 'The Holy Door.' This was so because she kept some of her most precious and holy ancient sacred texts inside its doors. On the face of the closet was a well-worn cross, one my mother had made years before to mark the entry to this unusually sacred place.

Even though the door remained closed, the light was beaming from it as if it were wide open. When she opened it, the light filled the whole house. I was in awe, but my mother just laughed. She was very used to the bright light and she motioned for me to enter. I reluctantly followed her request, and joined her in the closet.

When we were both in, my mother instructed me to close the door. And as I did, she began searching the bookshelves. She touched each book with her fingers, looking for the correct one to help me on my journey. When she stopped skimming, she pulled out a book that was titled in gold letters, 'The Key of Heaven.'

Placing the shining book on her lap, I was surprised to notice that the book did everything she said.

But I was even more surprised when suddenly the pages of the book started flipping! My mother laughed at my reaction once more.

The mood quickly became more somber and serious. When the pages stopped flipping, my mother became silent. And then I asked her, "Mom, what happened to you when you died?" A big smile came upon her face and she said, "The sorrow of death compassed and overwhelmed me, mostly in having to leave my dearest jewels behind." She always referred to me and my sister and brother as her jewels. "But I called on the name of the Lord. 'Oh, Lord, deliver my soul.' And because God is so merciful, He delivered me. And I heard His voice say, 'Eternal rest grant unto her and let perpetual light shine upon her.'"

Chapter Two

As I was thinking upon her words and feeling caressed by her warm smile, everything suddenly became cold. Looking up, I noticed that the frigid feeling was coming from the book itself. A wind sucked us up and *into* the book. I fell into a long dreamless sleep. We were on our way to a mysterious destination.

When we had arrived, we both awoke to a desert filled with tall mountainous peaks. "I wish to share with you the key," she said, "the key to Heaven." "Wow," I thought, not really understanding what she might mean. "We walk through life as if it is a permanent place, forgetting all that is truly real." She said. "But if we listen to the voice of the Prophets speaking to us in the quiet stillness of meditation and prayer, we will hear the great truths which led them on their journey and brought them to the most coveted shores of Heaven itself."

My eyes beheld the land carpeted in warm soothing sand, and I noticed that there were caves in the hills around us and a large sea staring at us from below.

My mother began speaking, "If you place your confidence in God, you may be certain that should the entire universe arise against you, nothing contrary to the Will of God will happen to you." She said. I didn't fully understand what she said, but allowed myself to just listen. "The neglect of your daily duties to serve God better is not the Will of God." Taking my hand, she continued, "One of the most powerful means of pleasing God should be to perform every action as though it was the last of your life." Squeezing it tightly, she gently let it go. "If you will seek God, you will find Him." She quietly stood up and took my hand as we began walking along the sandy earth.

My mother walked me patiently along the sandy desert until we came across a darkened cave. When we entered, lamps instantly lit up.

Suspiciously, I looked closer at the lamps, but could find no way that they could have lit up on their own. My mother quietly said, "It is the light of God given to all those who seek Him with a pure heart."

My mother began whispering quietly to herself as we sat down on a stony pedestal within the cavern.

"There are many dirty roads in life," she said, "but if you use good judgment, you may always be able to find a clean crossing."

Suddenly, it hit me. I really wanted to ask her something. It had really been bothering me. And so before I could even think I blurted out, "Mom!"

All was quiet. She waited to hear my response. "WHY, why did God let you die and leave us behind?" She grabbed me and held me tightly whispering, "There, there, my sweet little girl . . . I'll never leave you. But, yes, the Lord did allow me to die."

She seemed pensive and contemplative when she suddenly smiled and looked me directly in the eyes. "God permits troubles and afflictions to come to us in order to exercise our patience and to teach us sympathy for the misfortunes of others. To be satisfied with every state in which God places you, and never to abandon it, is the most excellent and useful virtue you can practice." I didn't understand, so she patted my back and said, "You ought to give yourself entirely to the hands of God and believe that His providence disposes for our greater good everything that He wishes or permits to happen."

Standing now, my mother lifted me carefully up to continue our journey deeper into the cavern which seemed to be the depths of my soul, somehow. We walked and walked . . .

Holding her hand tightly, I asked, "Well, how shall I live my life . . . what do I do?" "That's easy," she laughed, "Good habits are the soul's muscles; the more you use them, the stronger they become." Stopping our gait, she looked me deeply in the eyes, "Charity is like the object-glass of a telescope; the broader you make it here on earth, the farther you can see into heaven." She raised her hands and the cavernous roof became open sky. Within moments, it was rushing towards us like a monsoon wind. For a moment, I was afraid, but my mother touched my back and said, "Don't be afraid." And instantly, I was not.

"But always remember that if you believe that you are the author of the good you have done or flatter yourself, you will lose more than you will gain, even if the works are good and holy." "I don't understand." I said. "We can do nothing without God's assistance, we are nothing of ourselves. So always remember that in every good that you receive or give, to render proper thanks to He who has given it." I nodded, as she looked towards the heavens which were now quite close upon us. "God has written that if you cast down your crowns before God and adore Him, you will have life everlasting . . . and I have seen that this is true."

Suddenly, she was running towards something, but to what I did not know. I followed her anxiously.

Chapter Three

She stopped suddenly because someone was walking on the path ahead. We couldn't see who it was, so she begged me to be quiet so we might see who had mysteriously come upon our journey.

"Oh, hello!" My mother shouted, as she ran to the unusual looking man. Although he appeared vivacious and alive, his skin was the tone of blue. Long black hair was pulled behind his head and he wore the garb of an Indian yogi. It was Krishna, the Hindu Prophet.

Smiling, he immediately began to speak. "One must deliver himself with the help of his mind and not degrade himself. The mind is the friend of the conditioned soul, and his enemy as well. For him who has conquered the mind, the mind is the best of friends; but for one who has failed to do so, his mind will remain the greatest enemy." "Yes!" My mother shouted, "he is speaking of the key to Heaven! Listen well!"

Krishna, Hindu Prophet

"Sri Krishna," my mother spoke, "we are so honored to see you on our journey. Your words speak well of the key. We must all understand that before we can be elevated to Union with God, we must first descend to the depths of our miseries." "Oh, yes," Krishna, the Holy prophet of Hinduism replied, "When you make your mind one-pointed through regular practice of meditation, you will find the supreme glory of the Lord."

In shock and awe, I stared at the two as they spoke. Looking at me, my mother took my hand, "Honey," she said, "everything Krishna has just shared with you and more is written in the Bhagavad Gita and the many holy books of the Hindu people."

Krishna interrupted, "Yes, and there are more coming who wish to make known to you the holy books wherein the key can be found, as well." With that he scurried off . . .

In his place now stood a man of supreme stature in the whitest of robes. "Moses begs me to ask your pardon," he said, "for he was busy this time of night. But he asked me to come to you with the key." "Thank you, thank you!" My mother shouted as he began to speak. "Seek the Lord while He can be found, Call to Him while he is near. Let the wicked give up his ways, the sinful man his plans; Let him turn back to the Lord and He will pardon him; For he freely forgives . . ."

All was now silent. My mother looked into his eyes and said, "Oh, great prophet Isaiah, we thank you for sharing those profound keys from the Old Testament." "Yes," he said. "From the book you wrote, 'The Book of Isaiah,'" Mom finished. "But there are many keys in the Old Testament and the many holy books of the Jewish people." Isaiah replied humbly.

Isaiah, Jewish Prophet

As he disappeared into the night, we heard a sound from deeper within the cavern. My mother took my hand and began to run towards the sound. As we did, the cave began to open up into a wide expanse of desert where pyramids could be seen in the distance, as if we had exited the cave and entered into ancient Egypt.

Before us stood a man who had the body of a man, but the head of a bird. "Be silent!" My mother warned. "You stand before Thoth!" "Who could that be," I thought, but didn't dare to ask. My mother answered without me speaking. "Thoth is an ancient prophet of the Egyptians and the Mystery Religions. He was also known as Hermes, and his writings concerning the key are many." She seemed to be in a state of awe. "I, Thoth, have ever sought wisdom, searching in darkness and searching in Light." He said.

Thoth, Egyptian Prophet

"Long in my youth, I traveled the pathway, seeking ever new knowledge to gain until after much striving, one of the three, to me brought the Light. Brought He to me the commands of the Dweller, called me from darkness into the Light . . . each soul on earth that loosens its fetters, shall soon be made free from the bondage of night."

"Yes," my mother spoke. He interrupted, "Far into space my soul traveled freely, into infinity's circle of light. Strange, beyond knowledge, were some of the planets, great and gigantic, beyond dreams of men. Yet found I law, in all of its beauty, working through and among them, as here among men . . . Know that light is thine heritage, know that darkness is only a veil. Sealed in thine heart is brightness eternal, waiting the moment of freedom to conquer, waiting to rend the veil of the night."

Hermes, Egyptian Prophet

Before I had a chance to realize what had just happened, he was gone and the backside of a man in white appeared. Upon his head was a turban, and I could tell that he held a sword before him.

"Zarathustra, Zarathustra!" My mother shouted. "Share with us the key from your immortal words!" Turning, he noticed our presence and put down his sword. "Commit no slander, be not jealous or anxious, indulge in no anger, desire nothing beyond what is your own, be not lazy, do not engage in frivolous chatter, be diligent and moderate in all you do . . . " His words echoed in the night as he quietly disappeared mid-sentence.

"Oh, you are so lucky, my dear child!" My mother said, "Those were some of the keys given in the Avesta and other Zoroastrian holy books!"

Zarathustra, Zoroastrian Prophet

The panorama of the Egyptian countryside dissipated into the ether before us, as something unintelligible began to form in the astral sky. Hovering on a cloud, the Buddha appeared with his eyes closed.

"My dear child," he said, before we could speak. "You feel sadness that your mother has crossed the great divide. But formations are impermanent, their very nature is to rise and fall. And there is none arises but must cease. True bliss lies in their stilling." He was silent for a moment. "It is the nature of all formations to dissolve. Attain perfection through diligence!" He disappeared.

My mother tapped my shoulder. "His words contained the key from the Pali Canon and many of the other great Buddhist holy books." We both became still.

Buddha, Buddhist Prophet

Drumming was now slowly becoming heard through our senses and before we could identify its source, we noticed an old Native American Medicine Man had appeared facing towards us. Wearing a robe, antlers adorned his head.

"As the door of the lodge is opened," he said, "all the men cry: 'Hi ho! Hi ho! Thanks!' and the men are all happy for they have come forth from the darkness and are now living in the light . . . " "Black Elk," my mother said, "from the keys of the Native Americans . . ."

Black Elk, Native American Prophet

Before she could continue, another man had taken his place wearing a turban and accompanied by an angel. His face was covered expertly with a veil. "Allah causes the night and the day to succeed one another." He said. "Surely there is a lesson in this for those who have sight?" "Yes!" My mother shouted, "a key from the Holy Qur'an and other holy books of Islam!"

Muhammed, Islamic Prophet

"You asked about death?" The mysterious voice came from an unidentified spirit awaiting us in the distance. "Why, you ask, must we die?"

Quietly walking forward, I said, "Yes, I do ask this question. I want to understand." "Well, dear child, allow me to tell you this. I am not impatient of calamities in His way, nor of afflictions for His love and as a morning shower to this green pasture, and as a match for His lamp whereby earth and heaven are illumined." I nodded even though I didn't understand. "Grieve thou not for that which hath befallen Thee, neither be Thou afraid, for Thou art in safety. Erelong will God raise thee up." "Oh!" Mother was running forward to find the spirit to match the voice, but we were never given to see him. "Baha'u'llah! Words from the key from the Tablets and the other holy books of the Baha'i!" She said.

Baha'u'llah, Baha'i Prophet

A sudden shuddering began as if an earthquake had begun. My mother fell to her knees and I followed in concert. Within a moment, two men appeared wearing the garments of what appeared to be Palestine in the year 33 A.D.

The spirit on the left spoke first. "Blessed are they who wash their robes so as to have the right to the tree of life and enter the city through its gates." "Oh blessed John!" My mother shouted, and then turned her attention to the other on the right. "Peter?" She asked timidly. "Announce the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into this wonderful light! Yes, it is I," he said.

And suddenly the earthquake ceased as a brilliant light shone from heaven. My mother pointed up to the sky where the clouds parted to reveal a celestial city.

St. Peter, Christian Prophet

Chapter Four

"The greatest key still awaits you, my dear daughter." My mother said. "Come, sit with me and we shall wait together." Quietly approaching her, I sat next to her as a shadowy figure began descending from the celestial city towards us.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." Jesus said. "No one comes to the Father, but by me." I shuddered in His powerful beauty. "Try to come through the narrow door . . . anyone who loves Me will be true to My word, and my Father will love him. We will come to him and make our dwelling place with him. He who does not love me does not keep my words. Peace is my farewell to you, my peace is my gift to you." Suddenly, I felt such incredible peace. In my heart, I understood that everything would be okay.

Jesus Christ, the Christian Messiah Comes

My mother's death was sad and I missed her, but I knew in that moment that I had the strength to get through it with the help of Jesus.

As He now stepped down from the glorious clouds He had come upon, He said, "Blessed are those who mourn," He placed His hand under my chin and looked at me with great compassion, "for they shall be comforted." My mother shouted, "Oh, yes, the Beatitudes from the New Testament, one of the holy books of the Christians!" He continued, "Blessed are the poor, for the kingdom of heaven will be theirs! Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness sake, they shall be filled!" "Lord!" I shouted, "Don't leave me . . . "

Silence filled the heavens and the earth.

Jesus kneeled down before me and held my face in His hands. "I shall be with you always," He said, "even until the end of time."

Suddenly a spectacular scene appeared behind Him of the crucifixion and the cross. Watching with absolute horror, I couldn't understand. My mother took one of my hands and said, "One of the marks of a true Christian is a love for the cross, for suffering . . . " She paused. "It is hard to understand now, my little one, but it is our sacrifices and our sufferings which sanctify us the most. Love the cross my little one, this is the most important key . . . "

Jesus quietly began to speak. "Love your enemies, do good those who hate you. Bless those who curse you and pray for those who treat you badly. Do unto others what you would have them do unto you . . . but there is one more thing, my child."

"Unless you eat my body and drink my blood, you shall have no life within you." Quietly, I sat up. "You now have the key." He said. "Yes . . . " I replied. And suddenly He and all His celestial glory were gone and I sat alone with my mother who was now gathering us up to continue.

"My dear daughter," my mother said, "the celestial heavens is where I shall go when we part for the night. Remember that I, too, am with you always." Quietly, she looked down. "And I love you forever." "Me, too, Mom," I cried, "I miss you." We held each other for what seemed like an eternity before we fell over and hit something. It sounded like a jar had broken or shattered, and my mother looked around. Behind us, was an ancient jar filled with old leathery scrolls. My mother laughed with glee, "We're in Qum'ran," she said, "these must be the Dead Sea scrolls!"

Chapter Five

Opening the first vial, she read quietly as I drifted off into unconsciousness. "Hearken unto me, men of understanding and those who pursue righteousness. Understand my words and you shall be seekers of faithfulness. Listen to my words, all which comes out of my lips, and you shall understand. Expound them and attain the path of life, O men of his will..... "

The words were fading now as I was drifting between worlds.

An utter state of peace came over me, but I remained excited. My mother calmed me to prepare me for the last leg of our journey together. But I knew my personal journey would not be over until I reached all the way to heaven and met God face to face just as my mother had done when she had passed from this world to the next just a month before.

In the sand behind me, there was another small jar. It was in the shape of a cylinder and made of clay. Tannish and white were the colors which covered this new find in the desert sand of this cave. My mother and

I worked together to remove the scroll from inside without breaking anything, because these were sacred scrolls and they needed to be treated with respect.

Unrolling the interior contents, I was amazed at what I saw! The scroll was sewn together and made of deer hide.

Handing it to my mother, she wouldn't take it. "This is your journey now, you take the key . . . " Carefully, I began to read. It said: "A man of insight will receive understanding, a man of knowledge can recognize wisdom. An honest man will take pleasure in good judgment."

I sat in silence with my mother.

The cold wind began to blow once more and within moments my mother and I were suddenly back in the closet of our home, 'The Holy Door.' Something dropped into my hand and I looked down to notice that it was yet a third scroll. Surprised, my mother said, "God trusts you to keep the scroll as long as you protect it and keep it in your heart." "Lord," I prayed, "I promise to remain close to You all my life and to keep these keys safe within my heart . . . " My mother interrupted and I prayed with her. "and to seek the remaining keys in the ancient sacred texts left behind by your prophets, saints, mystics and sages of every world religion from throughout time, but most especially my Lord and my Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Kissing me on the cheek, my mom said goodnight. Then she ascended the staircase and was gone . . .

Walking back to my bedroom from 'The Holy Door,' I got in bed as angels sang quietly. Before drifting back into unconsciousness again, however, I opened the scroll and read. "Bless, O my soul, the Lord, for all His wonderful deeds forever, and blessed be His name, for he has saved the life of the poor and the humble He has not spurned, and he has not overlooked the needy in trouble, he has kept his eyes on the weak, and paid attention to the cry of orphans for help." I said a quiet, "Thank you, Jesus. I love you, too." And then I drifted off to a peaceful sleep.

"I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE.
No one comes to the Father but by Me."
Our Lord Jesus Christ

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Key of Heaven, Rev. J.M. Lelen, Ph.D. Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, 1947

The Holy Quran

The Holy Bible

The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk

The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean

The Pali Canon

The Pahlavi Texts

Zend-Avesta

Bhagavad Gita

The Dead Sea Scrolls

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!
https://outofbodytravel.org

The Mystery of the Key to Heaven
By Marilynn Hughes

THE MYSTERY OF THE KEY TO HEAVEN: On the night the sky split open in a storm of light, her mother returned.

For one sacred evening, a young girl grieving an unbearable loss is given an impossible gift: a final journey with the mother she thought she had lost forever. But this is no ordinary reunion. Her mother has come as a guide, sent to lead her daughter on a quest for the Key to Heaven.

Their path winds to the ancient shores of the Dead Sea, where the girl encounters the prophets of old—keepers of wisdom, faith, courage, and love. Each places in her hands a fragment of a greater promise, foretold across generations. Yet the key remains incomplete.

To make it whole, she must meet the One who holds its final piece.

In a story woven with light, longing, and eternal hope, the girl comes face to face with Our Lord Jesus Christ—and discovers that heaven is not only a distant place beyond this world, but a promise that can mend even the deepest sorrow.

A luminous tale of grief and grace, this unforgettable journey reminds us that love does not end, and faith can open even the gates of heaven.